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MICHIGAN CENTRAL
"The Niagara Falls Route."
Time Card in Effect.

Le. Bay City.	Ar. Bay City.
6:45 a.m. Jackson & Chicago Ex.	10:45 a.m.
7:00 a.m. Midland Accom.	10:30 a.m.
7:20 a.m. Detroit & Eastern	10:45 a.m.
7:30 a.m. Grayling Accom.	10:30 a.m.
7:45 a.m. Saginaw Accom.	10:45 a.m.
8:00 a.m. Mackinac Ex.	10:30 a.m.
8:15 a.m. Detroit Fast Express	10:45 a.m.
8:30 a.m. Midland Accom.	10:30 a.m.
8:45 a.m. Gladwin Accom.	10:45 a.m.
9:00 a.m. Alpena Accom.	10:30 a.m.
9:15 a.m. Jackson & Chicago Ex.	10:45 a.m.
9:30 a.m. Saginaw Accom.	10:30 a.m.
9:45 a.m. Mackinac & Marquette Ex.	10:45 a.m.

* Daily. * Daily except Sunday. Parlor car on day trains and sleeping cars on night trains.
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Detroit, Bay City & Alpena R.R.

Mail and Accom.	Express, mail.	Mail and Accom.	Express, mail.
P. M. A. M.	P. M. A. M.	P. M. A. M.	P. M. A. M.
11:25 11:45	Ar. Alpena, leave.	7:30 7:45	Ar. Alpena, leave.
11:52 12:00	Onondaga, leave.	7:52 8:00	Onondaga, leave.
12:02 12:10	Black River, leave.	8:12 8:20	Black River, leave.
12:12 12:20	Roseton, leave.	8:32 8:40	Roseton, leave.
12:15 12:25	Hamlet, leave.	8:52 9:00	Hamlet, leave.
12:22 12:30	Mud Lake Junction, leave.	9:12 9:20	Mud Lake Junction, leave.
12:32 12:40	West Hartsville, leave.	9:32 9:40	West Hartsville, leave.
12:42 12:50	Wheatfield, leave.	9:52 10:00	Wheatfield, leave.
12:52 1:00	Wheatfield, arrive.	10:12 10:20	Wheatfield, arrive.
1:02 1:10	Hamlet, arrive.	10:32 10:40	Hamlet, arrive.
1:12 1:20	Black River, arrive.	10:52 11:00	Black River, arrive.
1:22 1:30	Roseton, arrive.	11:12 11:20	Roseton, arrive.
1:32 1:40	Onondaga, arrive.	11:32 11:40	Onondaga, arrive.

* Daily except Sunday. * Daily except Monday.
M. H. REVER, M. L. EASTMAN, Gen'l Supt.

Alpena, Mich.

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Alpena Weekly Argus

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ALPENA, MICH., WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1891.

WHOLE NO. 1057.

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HUMOROUS.

If the women of to-day powdered their hair it would be easier to bang.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Waves come high these days, but the ocean must have them.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

It is a great deal easier to secure an indorsement for a man's character than for his note.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Little Bobby—"Your new brother is awful little." Little Harry (leftily)—"Oh, he'll be bigger yet. We are getting him on the installment plan."—Puck.

He—"I hope you're never jealous of me, dear?" She—"Jealous of you? Why, how could I be?" And he is still wondering what she meant.—Sonora Democrat.

Pap's inducement. The teacher—"Why do you come to Sunday school, my little man?" "Little man—"Pap said he'd cut my ears off if I didn't."—New York Herald.

A Terrible Possibility.—Mother (reading)—"A machine has been invented that will fling a man 1,500 feet into the air." Pretty daughter—"Horror! Don't let pa hear of it."—Good News.

A dampener. Chappie—"Do you think your fathaw will look with approval on my suit, Miss Gwace—"Not the one you've on. It's too loud. I heard him laughing at it the other day."—New York Press.

"Did you recognize your wife at the masquerade ball last night?" "Not until I patted her on the shoulder and she whispered to me. 'Lemuel, don't make a fool of yourself, you old donkey.'"—New York Herald.

A sad case. "Hello, Brown, you're looking badly this morning." "There is nothing strange in that; I've just been unconscious for eight hours." "Great heavens! man, what was the matter?" "I was asleep."—Harper's Weekly.

Singular Fact.—"It's curious," observed Old Hunk, as if he had discovered it, "how a little medicine will sometimes make an ignorant Indian patient a well red man." And the hand played the "Anvil Polka."—Chicago Tribune.

Beyond Reproach.—Mr. Ducatis—"I have my doubts about that young Paul Knight who comes to see you so often. Do you consider him a steady young man?" Diana Ducatis—"Why, yes; seven nights in the week is pretty steady, isn't it, papa?"—Puck.

Mrs. Gargyle (as her husband enters at 2 A. M.)—"George, I have a suspicion that you have been drinking."

Gargyle—"M'dear, you should be like Caesar's wife."

"How was that?"

"She was above suspicion, m'dear."

—Brooklyn Life.

"Owing to the difference in its muscular development," said the teacher of the class in physiology, "the female arm is rounder than that of a man." The young woman to whom the remark was addressed blushed and hesitated. "Y-yes," she said, "but men's arms are sometimes very round, too."—Chicago Tribune.

Lawyer—"Now, Mr. Witness, I want you to tell the truth without any evasion. Had you, or had you not, had any altercation with the prisoner before this event you speak of?" Witness—"Well, to own up, we did go into the bar and take something, but I don't think that was the name of it."—Boston Courier Journal.

Mr. Ardup (who has just told the bill collector to call again)—"I had a presentment you were coming this morning. Do you believe in presentments, young man?" Bill Collector (putting the bill back in his pocket)—"I do, sir. I had a presentment before I came that I wasn't going to get a cent out of you."—Chicago Tribune.

At the sewing circle. Mrs. A.—"Why can't we talk about something which we are all interested in and which will give no offense to anybody present?" Mrs. B.—"Is Mrs. Smithson here?" Chorus—"No, she isn't coming to-day." Mrs. B.—"I second the motion of Mrs. A. Let's talk about Mrs. Smithson."—Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Canby—"Oh, Titus, the baby has swallowed a hair-pin!"

Mr. Canby—"That's it; just as I expected. Now you'll want money to buy some more. It's nothing but money, money, in this house the whole blessed time. I'll bet that baby has swallowed more than \$50 worth of hair-pins in the last three months. Now, madam, this thing has got to stop right here—either that baby will quit eating hair-pins and come down to common grub like the rest of us, or I'll know the reason why you understand!"—Epoch.

Troubles of an Impartial Man.

It was my intention, when I went over to Ireland to see an eviction or two and learn for myself whether the specter of famine was over the land or not, to write a series of articles that would be absolutely impartial. The chances are that I have not succeeded in completely obliterating my own views on the Irish question. Every man has an opinion one way or the other. It is difficult to write much on such a contentious subject as the Irish question and not in some line or sentence give an indication of the writer's own feelings on the matter. The first time I went to Ireland I took with me one set of opinions and brought back an entirely different set. This time the same set of opinions came away with me that I brought over.

In America a man may be either a Democrat or a Republican and yet be a reasonably respectable member of society. In England a man may be a Liberal or a Conservative and still not be outside the pale of civilization, but in Ireland such a state of things is not recognized. "He that is not with us is against us," is the motto over there, and the man who goes over to the island hoping to be friendly with both sides entirely misunderstands the intensity of feeling that exists there politically. There are always two sides to a story everywhere else but in Ireland. It is war there—war to the knife and the knife to the hilt. The first notion I got of this state of things was in Falcarragh. I had a great deal of trouble to get a room in which to sleep. One of my friends casually asked me that evening where I was staying and I told him. A look of horror overspread his face.

"Good gracious!" he cried, "you can't stay there!"

"Why not?" I asked, "it seems very comfortable under the circumstances."

"Bless me," he cried, "that's a hot bed of— You are camping with the enemy. That will never do."

"Well," I said, "there doesn't seem to be a room in the place, except this."

"Oh, yes, there is," he answered. "I will fix that all right," and saying this he wrote a short note on a slip of paper. "There," he said, "take that to Mrs. X. at the other end of the street and get out of that other place as quick as you can."

Knowing the difficulty there was in securing a room at all, I thought I would make sure of Mrs. X's room before I told Mrs. Y. I was going to leave. I accordingly went to the residence of Mrs. X.

"I am told you have a room," I said to the woman. She looked at me suspiciously.

"I don't know that we have any rooms, sir," she answered, "not to let."

"Well," I said, "that is what I would like to know, because I have rooms already and I don't want to give them up until I am sure that you have rooms."

"Where are you staying?" she asked.

"At Mrs. Y's." The moment I said this her lips tightened and she shook her head.

"No," she answered, "we have no rooms."

"Here is a note," I continued, "from Mr. Blank. He was certain you had a room to let." The lady read the note.

"Why are you staying at Mrs. Y's?" she asked.

"Oh, that was a mistake," I said, "and Mr. Blank had to put me right. So he gave me this note to you."

"Very well," replied the lady, "we have a room. Would you like to see it?"

I was taken up to the room and found it very nice and comfortable. Then I went back to Mrs. Y's to get my baggage. I had had tea there, and I was at a loss to know how to explain my moving. Finally I stammered out: "A friend of mine, whom I did not expect to meet here, has a room near his own, and so I am going there. How much do I owe you?"

The woman eyed me with a blank look of suspicion in her face.

Now, it was none of her particular business where I was going. So I told a mild fib and answered that I didn't exactly know where his rooms were, but I was going with him. She nodded her head as much as to say she understood quite well what the trouble was, and then she charged me a price for that simple tea that would have made Delmonico's hair stand on end. There was nothing for it, so I paid without a murmur and took my things to the other place. Mrs. Y. looked upon it as a chance of spoiling the enemy, and she spoiled him accordingly. On the other hand when I went to pay my bill to Mrs. X's the price was so small for the comfort I had had that I had to insist on her taking more than the asked.

But even my friends soon began to be suspicious of me. Both friends and enemies could not understand the con-

dition of mind of a man who would talk with equal familiarity to parties on both sides of the political fence.

When I conversed in the street with a group of policemen the Home Rulers passed by without recognition, and when I was seen walking down the street of Falcarragh with the parish priest an officer of the constabulary who had granted me some privileges the day before passed me by with a frown, and I saw I was down in his blank books for the future.

I was rather inclined to look on the air of secrecy and of caution with which everything was done with a certain American contempt. In a large room where a number of us were assembled together talking over matters, I was advised once or twice not to speak so loud. The conversation was going on in whispers and as we were talking no treason, it seemed to me that this sort of thing was entirely unnecessary and too stagey and dramatic altogether for a civilized country in the nineteenth century. I expressed my feelings on the subject, and the man next to me said in a whisper: "When the conversation gets a little animated again, get up quietly and open the door suddenly." I did so and nearly knocked over a man who was listening intently with his ear to the keyhole.

A prominent Home Ruler said to me before I left Ireland: "Whenever we want the government to know anything in particular we always telegraph to their friends in Ireland. Then the government knows it as soon as our friends do." This seemed to me an extraordinary state of things and I spoke to a government official in Ireland about it. "Oh, yes," he said quite nonchalantly, "we recognize that state of things. And I may say that whenever we want the Home Rule party to be informed on any particular subject we always telegraph it in the most secret way from Dublin to Cork or elsewhere and the Home Rule party are at once in possession of the information. Both sides have spies on the line. You can't send a message anywhere that it doesn't go through the hands of a Nationalist and probably through the hands of a government sympathizer as well."

One of the most extraordinary stories of the extraordinary state of things in Ireland was told me as follows:

A member of the Land League was sent from Dublin to a certain district to get up a meeting and make a speech. You can always get a meeting in any part of Ireland on a very few minutes notice. On reaching the town where the meeting was to be held the speaker met a friend, and, both being genial fellows they retired to a public house and had something. Then they got talking over old-time reminiscences, and the first thing the Land Leaguer knew the man came in to light the lamp.

"Great heavens!" he said, "I was sent down from Dublin to get up a meeting here, and now it is late."

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter," said the other.

"Yes, but it does matter," said the organizer, "I have to report to my superior that the meeting was held."

"Oh, that's all right," said his friend. "Here, you write the speech and I will send it to the local papers, who will print it just as if the meeting was held, then the folks in Dublin won't know the difference."

This was quickly done, and the speech that was never delivered soon appeared in the papers. The fun of the thing comes in over the fact that the leaguer was arrested for delivering his speech, and was sentenced to four months in jail for a speech that he never delivered at a meeting that was never held. He cheerfully went to jail rather than admit that the meeting never took place.

Wonderful country, Ireland.—Luke Sharp in Free Press.

There was antelope on our bill of fare yesterday at dinner. A Minne-

apolis man who sat next to me smiled when he saw it. "Some weeks ago," he said, "when I was traveling on a certain Pacific express, I happened to take dinner with the superintendent of the dining-car service; he is an old friend of mine. When the waiter handed us the bill of fare, I noticed the superintendent's face grow cloudy. He called the steward to him and said, 'You're overdoing it, aren't you? Here you have mountain sheep, venison, antelope and bear on this bill of fare. Surely there's no call for four wild meats at one meal, and there can not be any money in such extravagant catering for this company.' Well, sir, replied the steward, 'it isn't as bad as it looks. You see we've an overstock of mutton, and we're working it off the best way we can.'—Ex.

The more cuffs you give a laundryman, the better he likes you.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

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